# WEASEL BOY

WEASEL BOY IS ALIVE! WE'RE GUESSING AND EVERYONE ELSE IS GOOD TOO EXCEPT FOR CARRION, WHO IS EVEN DEADER THAN BEFORE. THIS STORY ISN'T ABOUT HIM THOUGH, OR THE OTHERS. IT'S A JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY WITH MONGOOSE GUY IN.

## CHAPTER 14

## TOUR OF TERROR!

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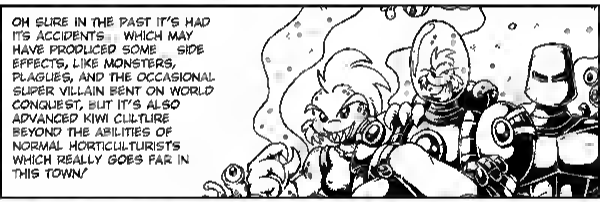
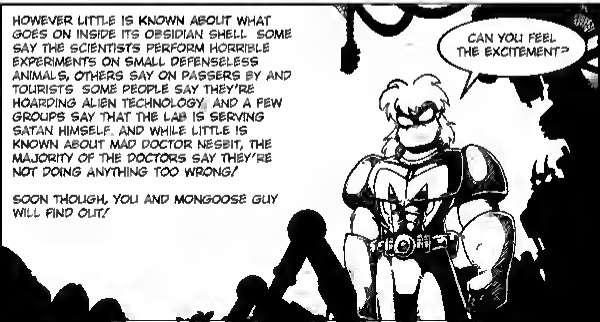
AHEM. TOWERING OVER SUPERMEGATOPIA, KIWI CAPITAL OF THE WORLD SUPERMEGATOPIAN LABS STANDS AS A MONOLITH OF SCIENCE AND AMAZEMENT, KNOWN... RESPECTED, AND... FEARED THE WORLD OVER.

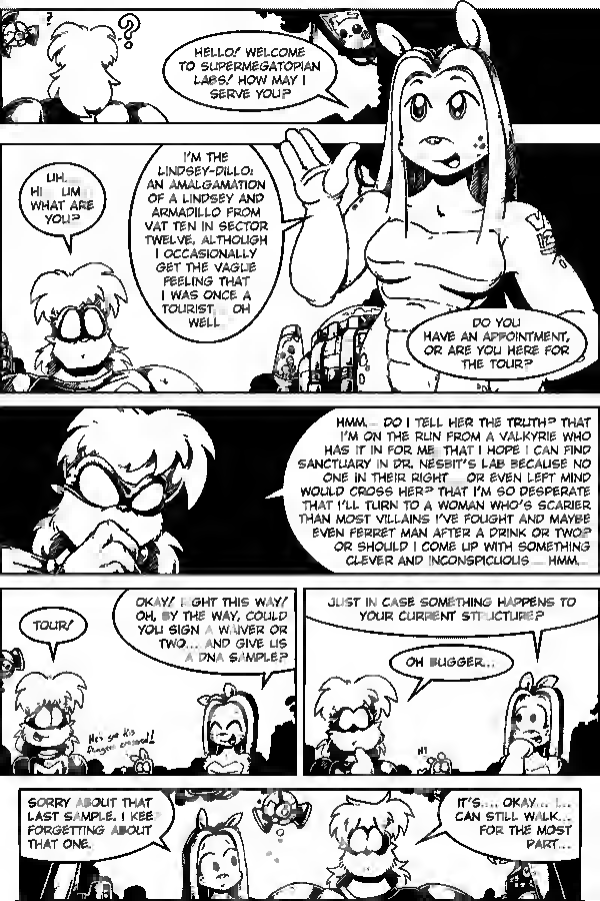


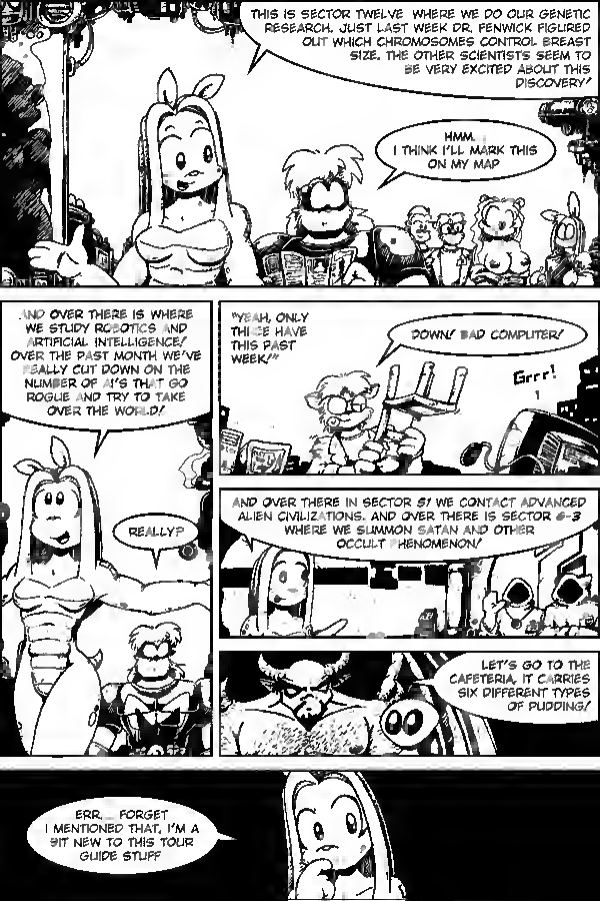
OH SURE IN THE PAST IT'S HAD ITS ACCIDENTS... WHICH MAY HAVE PRODUCED SOME SIDE EFFECTS, LIKE MONSTERS, PLAGUES, AND THE OCCASIONAL SUPER VILLAIN BENT ON WORLD CONQUEST, BUT IT'S ALSO ADVANCED KIWI CULTURE BEYOND THE ABILITIES OF NORMAL HORTICULTURISTS WHICH REALLY GOES FAR IN THIS TOWN!

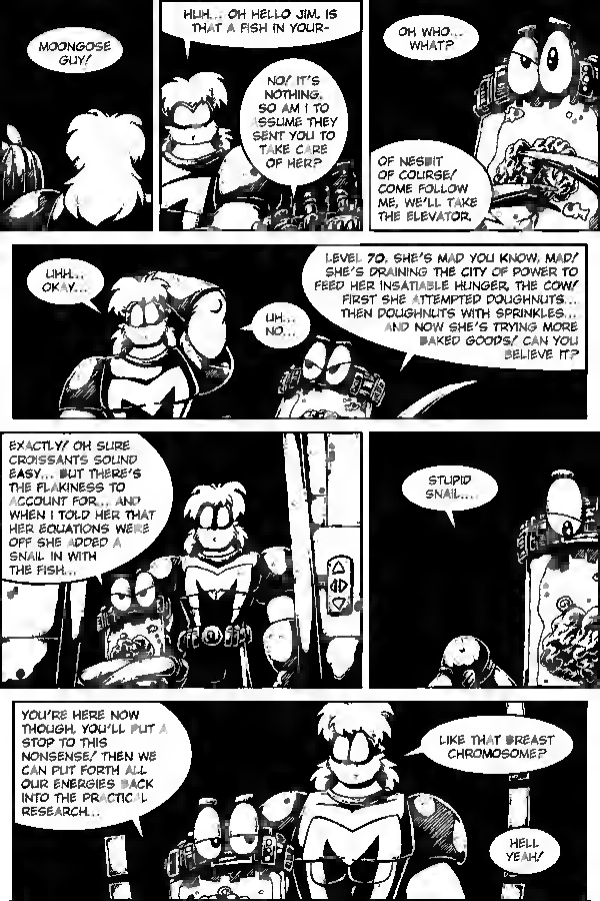


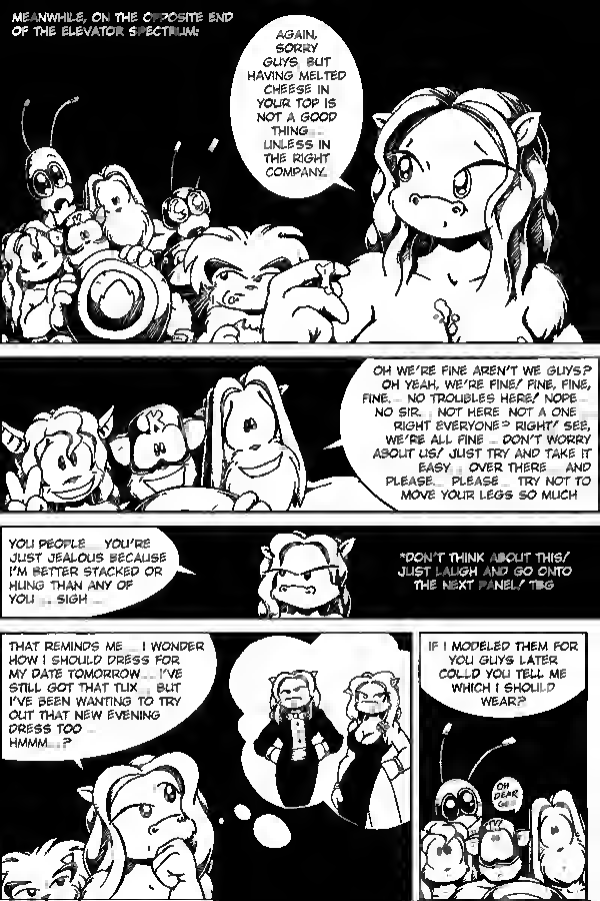

HOWEVER LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT WHAT GOES ON INSIDE ITS OBSIDIAN SHELL. SOME SAY THE SCIENTISTS PERFORM HORRIBLE EXPERIMENTS ON SMALL DEFENSELESS ANIMALS, OTHERS SAY ON PASSERS BY AND TOURISTS. SOME PEOPLE SAY THEY'RE HOARDING ALIEN TECHNOLOGY, AND A FEW GROUPS SAY THAT THE LAB IS SERVING SATAN HIMSELF. AND WHILE LITTLE IS KNOWN ABOUT MAD DOCTOR NESBIT, THE MAJORITY OF THE DOCTORS SAY THEY'RE NOT DOING ANYTHING TOO WRONG!

SOON THOUGH, YOU AND MONGOOSE GUY WILL FIND OUT!

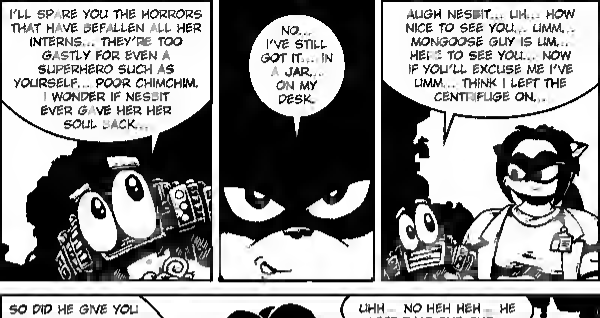

HELLO! WELCOME TO SUPERMEGATOPIAN LABS! HOW MAY I SERVE YOU?
LIH... HI! LIM... WHAT ARE YOU?
I'M THE LINDSEY-DILLO: AN AMALGAMATION OF A LINDSEY AND ARMADILLO FROM VAT TEN IN SECTOR TWELVE, ALTHOUGH I OCCASIONALLY GET THE VAGUE FEELING THAT I WAS ONCE A TOURIST... OH WELL...
DO YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT, OR ARE YOU HERE FOR THE TOUR?
HMM... DO I TELL HER THE TRUTH? THAT I'M ON THE RUN FROM A VALKYRIE WHO HAS IT IN FOR ME, THAT I HOPE I CAN FIND SANCTUARY IN DR. NESBIT'S LAB BECAUSE NO ONE IN THEIR RIGHT — OR EVEN LEFT MIND WOULD CROSS HER? THAT I'M SO DESPERATE THAT I'LL TURN TO A WOMAN WHO'S SCARIER THAN MOST VILLAINS I'VE FOUGHT AND MAYBE EVEN FERRET MAN AFTER A DRINK OR TWO? OR SHOULD I COME UP WITH SOMETHING CLEVER AND INCONSPICUOUS — HMM...
TOUR!
OKAY! RIGHT THIS WAY! OH, BY THE WAY, COULD YOU SIGN A WAIVER OR TWO... AND GIVE US A DNA SAMPLE?
He's got his finger on me!
JUST IN CASE SOMETHING HAPPENS TO YOUR CURRENT STRUCTURE?
OH BUGGER..
#1
SORRY ABOUT THAT LAST SAMPLE. I KEEP FORGETTING ABOUT THAT ONE.
IT'S.... OKAY... I... CAN STILL WALK... FOR THE MOST PART...


THIS IS SECTOR TWELVE. WHERE WE DO OUR GENETIC RESEARCH. JUST LAST WEEK DR. FENWICK FIGURED OUT WHICH CHROMOSOMES CONTROL BREAST SIZE. THE OTHER SCIENTISTS SEEM TO BE VERY EXCITED ABOUT THIS DISCOVERY!
HMM... I THINK I'LL MARK THIS ON MY MAP
AND OVER THERE IS WHERE WE STUDY ROBOTICS AND ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE! OVER THE PAST MONTH WE'VE REALLY CUT DOWN ON THE NUMBER OF AI'S THAT GO ROGUE AND TRY TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD!
REALLY?
"YEAH, ONLY THREE HAVE THIS PAST WEEK."
DOWN! BAD COMPUTER!
Grrr!
AND OVER THERE IN SECTOR 81 WE CONTACT ADVANCED ALIEN CIVILIZATIONS. AND OVER THERE IS SECTOR 6-3 WHERE WE SUMMON SATAN AND OTHER OCCULT PHENOMENON!
LET'S GO TO THE CAFETERIA. IT CARRIES SIX DIFFERENT TYPES OF PUDDING!
ERR... FORGET I MENTIONED THAT. I'M A BIT NEW TO THIS TOUR GUIDE STUFF


MOONGOSE GUY!
HUH... OH HELLO JIM. IS THAT A FISH IN YOUR-
NO! IT'S NOTHING. SO AM I TO ISSUME THEY SENT YOU TO TAKE CARE OF HER?
OH WHO... WHAT?
OF NESBIT OF COURSE! COME FOLLOW ME, WE'LL TAKE THE ELEVATOR.
UHH... OKAY...
UH... NO...
LEVEL 70. SHE'S MAD YOU KNOW. MAD! SHE'S DRAINING THE CITY OF POWER TO FEED HER INSATIABLE HUNGER. THE COW! FIRST SHE ATTEMPTED DOUGHNUTS... THEN DOUGHNUTS WITH SPRINKLES... AND NOW SHE'S TRYING MORE BAKED GOODS! CAN YOU BELIEVE IT?
EXACTLY! OH SURE CROISSANTS SOUND EASY... BUT THERE'S THE FLAKINESS TO ACCOUNT FOR... AND WHEN I TOLD HER THAT HER EQUATIONS WERE OFF SHE ADDED A SNAIL IN WITH THE FISH...
STUPID SNAIL...
YOU'RE HERE NOW THOUGH. YOU'LL PUT A STOP TO THIS NONSENSE! THEN WE CAN PUT FORTH ALL OUR ENERGIES BACK INTO THE PRACTICAL RESEARCH...
LIKE THAT BREAST CHROMOSOME?
HELL YEAH!

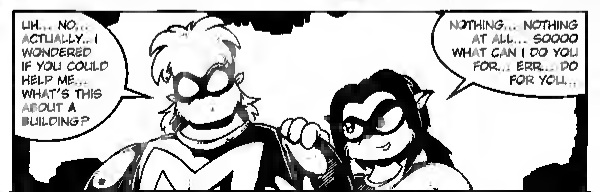

MEANWHILE, ON THE OPPOSITE END OF THE ELEVATOR SPECTRUM:
AGAIN, SORRY GUYS BUT HAVING MELTED CHEESE IN YOUR TOP IS NOT A GOOD THING... UNLESS IN THE RIGHT COMPANY.
OH WE'RE FINE AREN'T WE GUYS? OH YEAH, WE'RE FINE! FINE, FINE, FINE... NO TROUBLES HERE! NOPE... NO SIR... NOT HERE. NOT A ONE. RIGHT EVERYONE? RIGHT! SEE, WE'RE ALL FINE... DON'T WORRY ABOUT US! JUST TRY AND TAKE IT EASY... OVER THERE... AND PLEASE... PLEASE... TRY NOT TO MOVE YOUR LEGS SO MUCH
YOU PEOPLE... YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS BECAUSE I'M BETTER STACKED OR HUNG THAN ANY OF YOU... SIGH...
*DON'T THINK ABOUT THIS! JUST LAUGH AND GO ONTO THE NEXT PANEL! *BG
THAT REMINDS ME... I WONDER HOW I SHOULD DRESS FOR MY DATE TOMORROW... I'VE STILL GOT THAT TUX... BUT I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TRY OUT THAT NEW EVENING DRESS TOO... HMMM...?
IF I MODELED THEM FOR YOU GUYS LATER COULD YOU TELL ME WHICH I SHOULD WEAR?
OH DEAR GOD!
EW!

WE NOW RETURN YOU TO SUPERMEGATOPIAN LABS... SO YOU DON'T HAVE TO HEAR ERR READ... ALL THE EAR-SPLITTING SHRIEKS THAT JUST FOLLOWED.
APPALLING REALLY! WE NEVER SHOULD HAVE HIRED NESBIT IN THE FIRST PLACE. DAMN QUOTAS. THE WOMAN IS PURE EVIL I TELL YOU!
SHE PUNCHED DR. PILLKINS HER FIRST DAY HERE AND HE HASN'T LEFT HIS OFFICE SINCE. THE ONLY CONTACT WE GET FROM HIM ARE THE DAILY FOOD ORDERS HE SLIDES UNDER THE DOOR.
REALLY?
YEAH, AND HE'S THE LUCKY ONE! SHE MADE HER OWN BROTHER LARRY BREAK DOWN AND CRY IN FRONT OF THE FUNDING BOARD WHEN SHE HECKLED HIM UNTIL HE WET HIMSELF...
SHE NEVER HAS ANY FUNDING TROUBLES EITHER. NOT SINCE SHE TOOK OVER OUR SATELLITE WEAPONS RESEARCH... DR. KARMATOP'S CAR EXPLODED WHEN SHE THREATENED TO DOCK HER FOR DAMAGES DONE AFTER SHE DIMENSIONALLY DISPLACED THE MEN'S RESTROOM... AND WE STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED TO DR. FJORD... HIS LAST WORDS WERE, 'CLIS ME GUYS...BE RIGHT BACK, JUST... HAVE TO EMPTY THE OLD TEST TUBE...' SNIFF...
NOT TO MENTION ALL THE MYSTERIOUS ACCIDENTS GHOT!... TOTH... ME... SNIFF... SNIFF... I MISS THE OLD BODY. IF ONLY WE WERE ALL LIKE DR. COOLHANDS... SHE'S ACTUALLY AFRAID OF HIM...
REALLY?
YEAH, AFTER A DISPUTE SHE ATOMIZED HIS OFFICE... AND THEN HE CRITICIZED HER FOR NOT DOING A THOROUGH JOB AFTER HE WAS ABLE TO TOTALLY REASSEMBLE IT ATOM BY ATOM THAT WEEKEND...
WOW...


I'LL SPARE YOU THE HORRORS THAT HAVE BEFALLEN ALL HER INTERNS... THEY'RE TOO GHASTLY FOR EVEN A SUPERHERO SUCH AS YOURSELF... POOR CHIMCHIM. I WONDER IF NESBIT EVER GAVE HER HER SOUL BACK...
NO... I'VE STILL GOT IT... IN A JAR... ON MY DESK.
AUGH NESBIT... UH... HOW NICE TO SEE YOU... UMM... MONGOOSE GUY IS UM... HERE TO SEE YOU... NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME I'VE UMM... THINK I LEFT THE CENTRIFUGE ON...

SO DID HE GIVE YOU THE WHOLE SPIEL, OR DID HE LEAVE OUT ALL THE GOOD PARTS LIKE HOW I TURNED DR. KARMATOP'S SECOND CAR INTO A GIANT GERBIL. FUNNY, EVEN AFTER I GAVE HER THE SADDLE SHE STILL REFUSED TO RIDE IT TO WORK... HEH HEH...
UHH... NO HEH HEH... HE LEFT THAT ONE OUT.

SO WHAT BRINGS YOU BACK HERE, BIG BOY? DR. GHOTI ON THE RAMPAGE AGAIN... OR IS THIS A SOCIAL CALL?
OH MAN... DID SHE JUST WINK AT ME? MAYBE I SHOULD RECONSIDER HIDING AT THAT LESBIAN BAR... BRR WAIT... VALKEYIRES... THEY'RE LIKE AMAZONS... AND I'VE DEALT WITH AMAZONS BEFORE... AND I'VE SEEN A FEW OF THEM AT THE BAR... NOW THERE'S A STORY OWEN NEVER TIRES OFF... CAN'T SAY I BLAME HIM TH-
STILL THERE? HEY... YOU'RE NOT HERE ABOUT THAT BUILDING I... UH... 'ALTERED' ARE YOU?


UH... NO... ACTUALLY... I WONDERED IF YOU COULD HELP ME... WHAT'S THIS ABOUT A BUILDING?
NOTHING... NOTHING AT ALL... SOOOO WHAT CAN I DO YOU FOR... ERR... DO FOR YOU...

OH DEAR, WHAT WILL BECOME OF OUR POOR MONGOOSE GUY? HAS FLEEING FROM ONE DEMON LEAD HIM INTO HELL ITSELF?
DR. NESBIT... I DON'T SEE HOW REMOVING MY SHIRT IS GOING TO HELP...
OH TRUST ME IT WILL!
AND WHERE IS THIS STORY GOING ANYWAY? WHAT ABOUT WEASEL BOY, REMEMBER HIM? IT'S HIS BOOK AFTER ALL.
PLEASE LET ME BE DEAD PLEASE! PLEASE! PLEASE!
THAT IS EXCEPT FOR WHEN IT'S MIGHTY YAK'S ... NOT THAT HE WOULD KNOW...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BOOK? IS SOMEONE WRITING A BIOGRAPHY OR SOMETHING?
UH... YES MONTY... IN A WAY...
AND WHAT ABOUT THE OFFENDERS? WHEN WILL WE STOP TORMENTING THEM?
MOMMY...
AND WHO THE HELL IS GOING OUT WITH SHE-MALE???
HEE HEE HEE... SORRY I DON'T KISS AND TELL!
THANK THE GODS!
FIND OUT IN OUR NEXT CONFUSING INSTALLMENT!
TOO MANY WEASELS, NOT ENOUGH CHEESECAKE!